

The Mountains of Hair's
GARLAND;

Beautified with several Excellent

NEW SONGS.

- I. The Mountain of Hair.
- II. Sir John Barleycorn.
- III. The Drum-major.
- IV The Dusky Night.
- V. Nae luck about the house.



Licenced and entered according to Order.

THE MOUNTAIN of HAIR's GARLAND.

YOU maides, wives, and widows of Britain draw
near,

I'll sing you a ditty, will tickle your ear;
How maides, wives, and widows now fashion their hair,
With fine lappets behind, and mountains of hair.
Fa la, &c.

My lady she goes to ball and the play,
She rambles all ni ht, and she sleeps all the day,
And then in the evening to church doth repair,
With her lappets behind, and her mountain of hair.
Fa la, &c.

Miss Sally, says she to her servant maid
She wins up the jest to keep up her trade;
She shews her white breasts, and her bubies are bare,
With her fine lappets behind, and mountain of hairs
Fa la, &c.

There's miller's baker's and shop-keeper's wives
They'll have their hair dress'd to keep up their pride
The landlady sits dress'd up on a par,
Her head she can't move for the weight of her hair.
Fa la, &c.

Then incomes the farmer's amongff all the rest,
A barber this minute, my hair must be dress'd,
And if you dont dress it a yard high I do swear,
The Devil may pay you for dressing my hair.
Fa la, &c.

Then incomes the butcher's wife greasy and fat,
She will have her hair dress'd and what of all that,
A fine leg of mutton, [and] shoulder I swear,
She givest o the barber for dressing her hair.
Fa la, &c

Miss

Miss Jenny, they tell me, is breeding a child,
 And Molly is left in the same state I find,
 And when the young babes comes into their care,
 They'll curse their lappets and damn their false hair.
 Fa la, &c.

Behold that smart quaker that looks in the glass
 Her hair doth all other companions' surpass;
 You deform your sweet faces, I vow and declare,
 You should cut off your lappets, and burn your
 false hair
 Fa la, &c.

Believe me dear ladies your all in the wrong,
 I tell you: and that makes an end to my song:
 When your hair's finely dress'd I plainly do see,
 You look like an owl in an old ivy-tree.
 Fa la, &c.

A new SONG call'd Sir JOHN BARLEYCORN.

There was two brothers liv'd under yon hill,
 As it might be you and I:
 And one of them did solemnly sware,
 That Sir John Barleycorn should die.

They plow'd and harrow'd him under the ground,
 And they laid clods over his head;
 And one of them did solemnly sware,
 That Sir John Barleycorn was dead.

It being nigh Spring Time of the Year,
 When bright showers of rain did fall;
 Then Sir John Barleycorn did spring up again,
 And so he deceived them all.

It being nigh Midsummer-day,
 Sir John look'd pale and wan;

They

And after that he had got a long beard,
And so became a man.

They hir'd men with Sicles so sharp,
And cut Sir John down by the knees;
And then they serv'd him worse than that,
They bound him up in Sheves.

They hir'd men with Pitchforks sharp,
And Ruck Sir John to the Heart;
And then they serv'd him worse than that,
They bound him on a Cart.

They wheel'd him round and round,
Till they so nigh the Barn;
And then they made a Mow of him,
Which they thought there was no harm.

They slang poor John down again,
Oh! they broke poor John's Bones;
Then they serv'd him worse then that,
They ground him between two stones.

Come fill your wine within a glass
And your Claret in a can;
Come fill Sir John into a Bowl,
And he'll prove the better man.

A new Song call'd the Drum-major.

Y^oung Men and Maidens and Batchelors sweet,
I'll sing you a Song, that is new and compleat
Concerning a Damsel that follow'd the Drum,
For the sake of her true Love for a Soldier she's gone;

She list'd Voluntier in a Regiment of foot,
By beating the Drum great honour she got;
Twice as much more she does undertake,

For

For she beats on the Drum for her true Lover's sake.

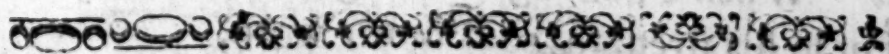
Her waist it was slender, her fingers long and small;
For beating the Drum she exceeded them all;
Now she's Drum-major and carries the sword,
And appears like a Heroe as fierce as a Lord.

As this Damsel was a bathing in the water so deep
A Soldier from the Garrison so softly did creep;
On the back of the Rampart there he did espy,
Is this our Drum-ma'or the Soldier did cry.

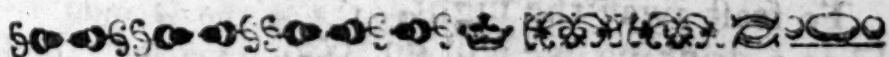
When out of the water this Damsel did come,
Resolved he was to beat on her Drum;
To beat on my Drum not practis'd you'll be,
By him she was discover'd that very same day.

The Captains and Ensign's all laugh at the fun,
Recommended the damsel for what she had done;
It's not for your Gold that I list'd here,
It is for young Skelton the young Granadier.

The Drummers, the Corp'rals and Ensign's also
Took this Maid by the hand and to Church they did go:
Serjeants, Corporals, Drummers, and fife. (wife
All rejoice and was merry with young Shelton and his



The DUSKY NIGHT.



THE dusky night rides down the sky;
and ushers in the morn;

The

The hounds all make a jovial cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn,
 Then a hunting let us go, &c.
 The wife around her husband throws,
 Her arms to make him stay,
 My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
 You cannot hunt to-day.

But a hunting we will go, &c.
 The uncavern'd Fox like light'ning flies,
 His cunning's all awake;
 To gain the race he eager tries,
 His forfeit life the stake
 When a hunting we do go, &c.

Arous'd e'en echo huntress turns,
 And madly shouts for joy;
 The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns,
 The chace can never cloy.
 Then a hunting we will go, &c.

Despairing mark she seeks the tide,
 His art must now prevail;
 Hark! shouts the miscreant's death beride,
 He speeds his cunning frail,
 When a hunting we do go, &c.

For lo his strength to sinners worn,
 The hounds arrest his flight;
 Then hungry homeward we return,
 To feast away the night,
 Then a drinking we will go, &c.

Nae luck about the house.

BUT are you sure the news is true?
 And are you sure he's weel

Is this a time to think of work,
 Ye jades fling by your wheel.
 Is this a time to spin a thrift,
 When Colin's at the door,
 Gie me my cloak, I'll down the key,
 To see him come on shore,
 There's nae luck about the house,
 There's nea luck of a'
 There's nae luck about the house,
 When my goodman's awa'.

Rise up, and make a clean fire-side,
 Put on the meikle Pot
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jack his Sunday's coat,
 Make their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their stockings white as snaw,
 It's a' to pleasure our goodman,
 He likes to see them braw.
 There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
 My Bishop sattin gown,
 And, then gea tell the Bailie's wife,
 That Colin's come to town.
 My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
 My stockings pearl blue,
 And a' to pleasure our goodman,
 For he's baith leel and true.
 There's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the coop,

Been

Been fed this month or mair,
 Make haste gae thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare;
 And make the table neat and trim,
 Let every thing be bra',
 It's a' to pleasure my goodman,
 For he's been lang awa'.
 There's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like celler air
 His very foot has music in't,
 As he comes up the Stair;
 And shall I see his face again,
 And shall I hear him speak,
 I'm downright giddy with the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 There nae luck, &c.

The cauld blatts of a winter wind,
 They thrilled trough my heart,
 They're a' blawn o'er, I ha'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part.
 But what puts parting in my mind,
 It may be far aw',
 The present moment is our ane,
 The next we never saw.
 There's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck of a'
 The'snae luck about the house,
 When my goodman's a wa'.